



For my parents,
and the crowds at bars.

ADORE

C.M. Crockford



Hearing "Ceremony" For The First Time, 2007.

The gates moan and hum as they open.
I drink in a barren field
stretching for eternity,
the mist permeating the air,
stripping all secrets.

A revealing of new worlds,
silent as graves at midnight.
A figure strides in the distance;
cloaked in black,
it hums
then fades with the sunrise.



Gig

Ritual rite show cause call dance confess catharsis-

Body moves with the chords
(Am I Elvis or just an echo?)
clutching nerves scream,
fifty ears peer inside of me:
I am naked, I am home.
Time is outside.

Magick,
(YEAH YEAH YEAH),
the will and form entangling,
merging.

The lights flash, flash, flash.
I am revealed,
I am free,
consumed, lusting.
I open my mouth and emerge.

I want more.



Star

I demand glamour.

I will ascend to it.

In heavy coats, in black shrouds,

In silver paint and beauty

stained in lust

that cries romantic poison,

drains my heart.

adorning

ugly

beautiful

wet

body (ies)

A morning star

nude, fierce,

glittering,

grasping

reaching

sweating

rising



Grind

Bright rising curves,
disco ball glistens on a setting sun.
The Shape is hidden under warm, wet fur.

We are only bodies in transit,
skin to skin.

Filthy, sweating:
involuntary rapture.
A brief sinless violence
Falling to exhaustion.



"We'll burn in sound tonight..."

We'll burn in sound tonight,
The crowd is keeping us alive;
Passions dimmed again in the cold light,
But something stirs, starts beneath battered fights.
The highway sleeps on our moonlight drive.

We'll burn in sound tonight.
A trance of melodies, hushed voices just out of sight.
Tonight we left the silent shadowed hives,
The crowd is keeping us alive,
Howling, applauding when bled just right,
Frenzied nights in desperate lives.

We'll burn in sound tonight,
Backyard thrusting with slackened might.
I cling to harsh softness and revive,
The crowd is keeping us alive.
Singing ecstatic, my bursting eyes alight
As they dance and move and thrive...

We'll burn in sound tonight,
the crowd is keeping us alive.



Curtain

Your back arches
like a cat in the mid-day,
sprawled out, so confident.

Your torso is wonderfully imperfect.

A loose sigh, so designed that
I think of old films:
“How can you love me?”

Outside, something in the distance howls
if only for protection.



Chinatown Skyline

Windows burnt into hard surfaces,
the territory of monoliths.

Empty rooms, dissipated presences,
blank ceilings seeing all we were.

The shades conceal cries, a restless moan.
The clocks tell our story,
kill it softly.

All the while
the smoke marks the sky
like a kiss on parted flesh.



New World

Dreaming night
that towers above oceans;
the sand spreads for
a wild, blissful tide.

Rocks shatter, bruised
in streaks: obsidian, diamond,
leftovers of liquid heat
burned to beauty.

Silent falls in spring
colored by illusion;
beasts of all natures
tumble to earth.

Two visions merge,
blades of glass flattened for them.
The stars become silent witness
to good breeding.



L'Avventura

Lost in crags kissed by the ocean,
pleasures and cares disappearing...
all the same anyway.

I made love to him, to her,
her blood my blood
her flesh my flesh.

Did she know this voice,
halted, moneyed movements?
Feel her blond locks crop and stir,
change into blackened shadows?

Could she hear me in the shade?

I dove and did not rise.
I die and live again.
I fade and burn.
A shade, a follower
on the edges of confession,
living in the waves
that crash
again & again
forever.



The Boston Nights

The Boston nights:
the ones that spit cold at you,
leaving you longing again
for love's safe places
far from scattered snows.

The Boston nights:
where the pipes rattle
in strangled tongues,
makes you think about
violent California.

How is she?

Do they think about you?

Do they still sing a bright winding song?

The Boston nights:
when the train grinds down
over crushed cans, ripped wrappers
bearing Rough Riders
to soft, patient lands.



Gnosis

Gilded palaces of gold and ash
tiptoe through my mind
like courteous guests,
but I won't hear them anyway.
I'm lost in the towering nights,
all their perverse infinities,
lubricated star-struck lies.

The cowering voice
broken in free-fall,
scattered on the floor.

Why do you stay silent to me?
If you called,
I would walk through oceans
of broken glass
just to hear your melody plain.

I am left with my own to sing.



The Break

Dreams can crack apart when left rotting in the sun.
The remains are picked up, dusted off
like the armor of fathers
taken up by their sons.

We remember what was,
preserve it in glass coffins and sticky amber.
So we can always peer
into what could have been.

How do you endure?
How do you carry a lonesome weight?

Well...
you choose to.



Kether

One

There's a magic in this world,
a blackened spirit
just waiting to be found:
in the foul breaths of cities,
in the depths of tossing waters,
in the blood that's shed and scared,
in the risen endless song,
in the dripping sweat on lover's back,
in the pulse of summer children,
in the rustle of the sugar maple trees.

Apotheiosis

I have seen it,
Oh,
O,
I have seen it -

Endless dreaming, streaming shores, such fucking blues, an aching
warmth like cunt and cock mixed between baking twin suns, puls-
ing electric dandied violets, ripped so dirt flows forth,
To stand
on the top
of a truck in Oakland
where those who come and see these works
are the few
and your kinsmen,



gleaming, glamming, glomming fingers and lips intertwined in gold
green hands and eyes, the taste of a release, spurting wet spring,
eager tongues in pink flesh, the scrape of the thigh against rock
and the enormity of the great teeming lake, shining skin slick with
drops of rain, the mountain song -

Yes
Oh yes

Two

I seek
our source.
I can almost taste it:
I can hear its call
echoing through the earth.

I'll dive in the rivers
that channel it.
I'll find the endless dream,
take its Name.

I Will Claim.
I Will Sing.
I Will Touch.
I Will Drink.
I Will See.

I Will.
I Will.



C.M. Crockford is a writer and singer living in Brighton, Massachusetts. His work has been published in Paradise In Limbo, Dark Gothic Resurrected, and Oddball Magazine among others. This is his first full work. He also sings in the band Tin Flowers.